

A
L E T T E R

FROM THE

Late E A R L of H——N,

IN THE

E L Y S I A N S H A D E S,

TO HIS

G—— the D—— of D——t,

WITH A

P O S T S C R I P T

TO THE

E A R L of H—LD—E.

L O N D O N :

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A LETTER from the late Earl of
H——N, in the Elysian Shades, to his
G—— the D—— of D——t.

My dear LORD,

TH O' we have the Pleasure of expecting you every Hour, yet I cannot help congratulating your Grace, upon the honourable Exit you are likely to make off the great Stage of human Life. The Character you have played, and hitherto invariably supported, demands a peculiar Attention to its last Moments.

Your Grace will permit me to express my Zeal and Anxiety for your Glory. You will judge of them by the Integrity of your own Heart, you will therefore think them sincere. To less than your Lordship's Candour they might appear liable to Suspicion, when I confess, I had some Resentment, even in the Article of Death, of the manner in which I was treated by your Grace's Friendship. But we have no Passions in these Regions of Happiness, nor any Thing to support them; no Lyings, Back-bitings, Invectives, Falshoods, Treachery, Professions of Friendship, Breach of Promise, or any other the honourable Arts of Courts; we have no Contests for Places, Pensions, Popularity and Gold Boxes; we have neither Envy nor Ambition. We laugh at the Vanities, we pity the Follies, and calmly despise the Baseness of the human Heart. Thus, my Lord, I am no longer piqued, when I recollect my own Weakness in believing, nor envy your Grace those superior Talents that deceived me. It is Matter of mere Amusement, to
remember

remember your manner of influencing me to resign in the Year of the *Scots* Rebellion, by the Promise you made me of your own Resignation; then the convenient Fit of the Gout, that critically hindered your going to resign, and your taking Advantage of my Royal Master's Anger to get the Government of *Ireland*, where your Son's, and his Prelate's, and your own Administration, performed such Wonders. The Fame of them hath passed through the *Elysian Fields*, and are now consigned to everlasting Chaos and old Night.

We hear his Grace of *Ireland* has been lately in *London*; the *Mall* his Council-chamber every Morning, and Messieurs G——e and B——n his Privy-counsellors. He is, without Doubt, a very pretty Politician, allowing for his being a Churchman and a Divine, whose Studies must have been directed to other Objects, than those of earthly Ambition. But the Softness of his Manners, the happy Facility of seeming to promise, and the Sweetness of his Nature, for ever dimpling on his Cheek, were *the Spoil of him*. They made it impossible for him ever to say, No. They rendered his Memory and his Sincerity a little suspected. Most unjustly. For to what Purpose remember a thousand Promises, which could never have been intended to be kept, and were only given, in pure Good-nature, to importunate or impertinent Solicitations.

Under the Direction of such Talents, we can not wonder at the Glory of your G——'s Administration, in which Honour and Conscience, and the Wisdom of Government, were strained to the utmost for the Punishment of a seditious and disloyal People. But after such a Scene of successful Politics, to be turned out to make Room for a Boy, full forty Years younger than your Grace; to be insulted with a Pension, tho' appointed by Mr. P——t; no longer to loll
in

in the Coach of Majesty, yourself no little Monarch ; these are sensible and unexpected Mortifications. Could not the senatorial Department of L—d G——e, the Solemnity of his Eloquence, his Steadiness in Parties, and the Balance he held last Winter between the two famous younger Brothers, protect his Father from such Indignities ?

However, I congratulate your Grace, that you are Warden of the *Cinque-Ports* for Life. This must be a great *Advantage* to one, who kept it thro' Queen *Anne's* Tory Ministry ; thro' the Quarrel between the late King and his present Ma——y, when Prince of *Wales* ; thro' all Changes of Times and Ministers, from the Year 1711 to this Day. What a Comfort must it be to your Grace, that you have held it without any servile Compliances, or stooping to pay Court to any future Reign ?

Mr. *Pelham* often asks our new Comers after his Brother, but their Accounts are so inconsistent, so contradictory, that he knows not what to believe. However, as he rather mixes too severe a Morality with our Elysian Good-humour, he is not sorry to hear, that the noble Duke repays your Grace in proper Coin for the Breach of Promise, into which you drew both him and his Brother, and left me exposed to his M——y's Resentment.

The late Duke of *Kent* makes his Compliments, and is pleased to see your Grace tread in his wise and prudent Steps. He still thinks that a solid Good to one's Family, should be preferred to the shadowy Possession of Fame, and that Pride may be better shewn than by refusing a Pension, altho' it be only five thousand Pounds a Year.

But an Express is just arrived with the News, that your Ministry is at last fixed for at least —— Months. I hear Sir *Robert* and *Bolingbroke* laughing at the Coalition. My Lord swears by the Light of the Gospel

(a new Oath, which he hath added to the Million he brought with him from the other World) that of all mortal Wights Mr. *P*est best understands the Meaning of the Word Popularity. He despises, because he knows its Worthlessness; he uses it, because he knows its Influence. Farewel, my dear Lord, and believe me, &c.

P O S T C R I P T.

I beg your ~~G~~^{Grace} will make my best Compliments to ~~Lord H~~^{Lord H} ~~LD~~^{LD} ~~and~~^{for} I heartily wish I had foreseen his Intention of Resigning. I should not have failed to appear to him in the Dead of Night between the ninth and tenth of *June*. It is now too late, and I can only advise him, if he be used as he deserves, to bear it without complaining, and not vainly expect Support from those, who set him on. But between you and me, my Lord, what had he to do with Politics and Resignations? His Lordship should have relied on the necessary and honourable Compliances, which made him useful to a certain great Lady, and, with his own Insignificance, got him his Employment. Let him learn the Wisdom of doing as he is directed, and not give himself Airs of murmuring and Resentment, like a CHESTERFIELD or a BEDFORD. Cuzzoni desires his Lordship to make her Compliments to the Mingotti.

F I N I S.